

Mad Murderers

It took much snow to clear the sky
Than it would take a man to die,
Yet Manchester and her mafia
No warnings hear, no God they fear.

‘For crimes against me,’ the earth cries out,
‘No peace shall you from home I’ll rout;
I shall not rest until you’ve tasted
The works you’ve wrought, God’s ground you’ve wasted.’

How know you then what was required?
Called them Un-Kind, so now I’m fired.
Thanks be to God having had it thus,
Gulf Stream’s now gone, why make a fuss?

But it was good, nothing so sad;
God’s answer to my prayers for dad.
It gives me room to spare my time,
It takes me from perpetrators of crime.

It let me ask my questions fond,
Made me forgive when I am conned;
It’s God giving you a purpose to live,
It’s Him telling you, ‘your turn to give!’

It’s calling their friends Un-Satisables,
Then find your dreams in ruins and rubbles;
It’s asking a man to love enemy,
So then he sin and say, ‘love me!’

It’s mentioning friends writing a poem,
Then Lucifians came revenging you them;
Compassion lacking *Daii* and Un-Kind,
God’s will be done, nothing I mind.

Kit Johnstone
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